

His Eds by leywritesZ

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Confessions, Eddie runs away, First Kiss, Fluff, I Don't Even Know, M/M, Oneshot, Reddie, Resolved Pining, Richie doesn't want Eddie to go, Sad Fluff, Sonia Kaspbrak Being Terrible, detailed, dont ask, i dont know what to tag for this, i got this idea from listening to Gotta Go My Own Way from High school Musical, i wrote this instead of finishing my essay, im not creative, it hurt writing this, might turn into a runaway fic tbh, prepare to get your emotions WRECKED

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-12-04

Updated: 2019-12-04

Packaged: 2019-12-17 16:52:43

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,344

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eddie runs away. (this is a oneshot unless)

His Eds

Like all days, today was long. Richie reckons its part of the reason why he feels so exhausted now; lying still in his bed with the cover half on-half off. A mirror image of the day before, and the day before that. It's dark, the moonlight from his open window flooding the bedroom, along with the music of crickets and birds. The peaceful silence caresses his skin like a cool summer breeze, smoothing his soul, taking away his jagged edges. Today was long, but it was also rough.

He sinks into his bed, feels the wind from outside mask his body and twitch his hair, all splayed out on the pillow. Feeling calm. Which is odd, because normally, silence is a poison to him- for in that void of sound, the anxieties hide, waiting. Lurking. Whispering his name.

But tonight, the silence is silent. And he drinks it in through every pore, soothed by its meditative quality. Because the only way he knows to cope with a rough day, when there's no one around to annoy, is thinking about the one thing that brings him any sort of serenity. His Eds. The way his hair has started to curl at the tips, facial structure sharpening, voice lacking that pitchy-ness it had before. That he remembers so vividly, because it was always speaking to *him*. Either it be in another one of their silly arguments, or even in the comfort of their softer conversations. In which they'd stare up at the ceiling and talk about stupid shit like space, the existence of God, or where they see themselves twenty years in the future. It often gave Eddie hope, picturing himself years ahead, because he knew that sometime in the future his mother wouldn't be around to boss him anymore. He'd be able to do whatever he wants once he's an adult. And Richie- he found more comfort in talking about planets and other galaxies. The idea that there are places beyond Derry. Places he can experience new, incredible things, away from the confinement of the town he's grown up in all his life.

It always took a bit of trial and error to get Richie serious, but when he did, he poured his heart out. He'd say things without even comprehending the fact that Eddie was hearing him- listening to him- digesting the words for days, sometimes *weeks* afterwards.

Yes, Richie's thoughts can be cruel. But they can also be insightful. It's like some weird, twisted game of roulette. Tonight, it's insightful.

He sighs, in and out. The rise of his chest is steady with the fall as he stares into nothingness. With his glasses placed somewhere off to the side, everything's a bleary, distorted fog. Like a really bad painting with random splotches of colour everywhere. There's a tree rustling next to the window, creating a moving shadow on the wall in front of him, and he watches it plainly, in an entirely different headspace... until something shakes it. And it isn't the wind- because after the first jolt, comes a second, and then a third. And then Richie's sitting up in his bed and squinting through the window to his left, expecting to see a blur resembling the neighbour's dog, or something of the sorts. But it's not of those things. Instead, it's a body clutching the branch for dear life- a head of dark, brunette hair with a sheen like fine hardwood. But that comparison isn't fair, Richie supposes. Hardwood doesn't swish gently like his hair does, especially when above ground, balancing on a single fucking tree branch.

"What the fuck are you doing?" He spits, because he doesn't even need his glasses to know who it is. The boy on the other side looks up, his mouth hanging open. And his skin is so pale, with such a waxy appearance, that at first Richie thinks he's dead. But as he crawls further on the branch, approaching closer, Richie can hear the rattle of the other boy's breathing, and he knows he isn't.

Eddie grunts, and holds on so tight, his entire body is shaking. He holds up a hand for Richie to grab on to, "Shut up and help me."

Richie sighs, rubbing his face to rid himself of the sleep that was so painfully close to consuming him, and pulls up the screen before setting it to the side, "You sure you want to touch my hand, Eds? You don't know where it's been. For all you know, I coulda been hackin' the ol' hog."

He reaches desperately, "please, Rich. It's raining."

"It is?" He peaks his head out the window and looks up at the sky. Sure enough, he gets a fat drop right in the eye, "Oh shit." He retreats, crooking a knuckle to wipe it away.

“Oh my god, I’m gonna fucking die if you don’t help me, give me your hand right fucking now!” Eddie’s words are rushed, scrambled together, hardly understandable without running it in your head a second time. When it eventually clicks, Richie rushes closer and grabs Eddie by the hand- not so much pulling him, because that’ll freak him out- but stabilising him enough to scooch closer to the sill. Enough to step down and crawl inside the tiny space.

And Richie won’t admit it, but having Eddie here, no matter the reason, has changed his day from *rough* to *moderately good*. Despite the fact that a new day’s already begun, his canvas already cleared. The sky has already turned into a sea of white-speckled black, bound to lighten at sunrise, which isn’t even that far away at this point.

He watches Eddie slip down and land ungracefully on the floor. Then, an amused cackle causes him to grimace upwardly and hoist himself up using Richie’s hand, “I really don’t see what’s so funny.” He’s still talking fast, and Richie’s not entirely sure why. They’re eye-to-eye now, and had he not been challenged to laugh some more, perhaps it would have died in his throat in that exact moment. In the dark, all Richie can see murky hair, lying inky about Eddie’s face and hanging in clumps, as well as his pale complexion and chapped lips.

“You should see yourself right now,” He tilts his head and examines him some more, even though he can’t see for shit. Only tiny hints and clues guiding him to what’s obvious, “wetter than your mom’s vagina on Thanksgiving.”

A curdling gag protrudes up the smaller boy’s throat, lurches his stomach, “Mm. Mm-mm.” He swallows it down.

After more than ten seconds of Eddie just standing there, looking disgusted, it’s clear that there’s obviously something wrong, and its part of the reason why Richie continues giggling like an idiot. Because he knows that the exact moment he stops, he’ll be slapped in the face with some sort of bad news. Someone died. There’s a fire. Sonia’s being a bitch like always.

The selfish part of him hopes it’s the last option so that Eddie can sleep over. So that he can hold him, like he did last time. Indulge in the taste of what he can’t have, even if its for one night.

"Sorry, I don't remember inviting Mr. Cement Face," He snorts when Eddie doesn't even crack the slightest grin. He walks past him to his bedside table where his glasses sit, still in need of a good wash that he's yet to provide, "or should I say, Mr. Cement Dick in your mother last night, oh!" He spins around, glasses in one hand and an open palm raised in the other. But Eddie stands still, expression still blank. It appears that he's in deep thought, because the way he's looking at Richie right now makes him want to talk until his tongue turns numb. Something's definitely wrong. "Because cement- it's, like, hard."

"I got it, Rich, Jesus."

Suddenly, an exaggerated Canadian accent comes out of nowhere, "Aye there, bud. I'd ton er' down on the attitude. It's midnight n' I haven't been given the proper time to prepare my fuckin' lines." He puts his glasses on, watches the world finally become clear. Finally able to see Eddie properly- and the horrid look on his face. He doesn't even know how to read it; it's like a mix between sadness, fright, anxiousness, and... Looking at it closer, those are definitely tear stains on Eddie's cheeks. Whatever it is, it makes his heart plummet to the floor.

"Richie, please, can you just..." Eddie breathes, a silent plea for seriousness. And the silence that follows is nauseating.

Richie takes a long sigh, staring into the floor like it's the most interesting thing in the world, because looking into Eddie's eyes right now is unthinkable with the emotion dripping from just his voice alone. He asks finally, "What brings you here?"

Eddie responds almost immediately after, "I need to do something." And it all feels so straight to the point, like he's in some sort of a hurry. The tall boy lifts his chin up to look at Eddie again, his interest suddenly sparked. Only this time, he notices something different- or maybe it was there the entire time.

Eddie's wearing a backpack.

And he's about to question it. He's about to ask him what its for, but somehow, another question wins the race, "Need to do what?"

Eddie hesitates for a second, nervously tonguing the roof of his mouth as Richie waits for an answer.

And Richie is completely unprepared for what happens next. You would think that after all the hours he's spent with Eddie- watching him talk, laugh, frown, yell, smile- that he'd know everything there is to know about his lips. But never in a million years would he imagine them as warm as they were when they pressed against his own.

It happens so quick. One second, Eddie's standing still, and the next, his hands are on Richie's cheeks, pulling him closer in the darkness. Richie clutches his wrists out of instinct, almost having to step back from the impact. Eddie's lips are wet from the rain, as well as the rest of his face. His bangs drip tiny droplets onto Richie's nose, but there's no chance in hell he's paying attention to *that* right now.

Richie can feel the insecurity creeping in Eddie in the way he frowns into the kiss, hands almost levitating on his cheeks now. Similar to when you're taking a test for school, and you feel like you're writing down the wrong answer, so you press really lightly on your pencil.

In that sense, Richie wishes he'd gain the ability to write down anything at all. Eddie's on an entirely different level than him- he's got everything figured out, whereas Richie hasn't even built up the nerve to close his eyes yet. Everything, including time, is paused. The world, stripped of its colour so that Eddie can glow vibrantly, and Richie can't help but gasp at the rush of emotions that are released inside of him just by being in the presence of it all.

Once the feeling of shock withers away, pure elation percolates into his veins and soon the entire system as he closes his eyes and presses back with urge, making Eddie whimper slightly in relief. Eddie's touch, which transfers to his hair, the other arm holding the back of his neck tight, mercilessly obliterates Richie's every thought. Silence is a poison to him, but this one is different. This one is intense, and emotion filled, and so ardently fervent. As their lips move together in perfect time, Richie delves deeper; deeper in the pool containing all of the galaxies in the universe that is Eddie Kaspbrak.

He's wanted this for so long. Longer than he's even known, himself. Back when they were still having play dates, for Christ sake. His

vanilla lips imprint themselves on Eddie's like a footprint in the snow, forging a sense of exoticism and roguery.

It's been mutual this whole time- the feelings. Eddie's felt it too. He isn't just crazy. Or maybe he is. Just a little bit.

"I just had to" Eddie mumbles when they part for breath, "had to let you know, before I..." And as soon as the last syllable escapes his breath, he finds himself interlocked in another impatient kiss. And he knows Richie isn't listening, but he *needs* to. Eddie needs to explain, and Richie needs to hear- but instead, he finds himself sinking limply into the firm, scrawny, *warm* body even more. Indulging in the outcome he hadn't expected when he first arrived; his last destination before he sets off on his voyage to wherever the bus driver takes him. Shit. He needs to go. If he stays any longer, it might turn into forever, "Richie" He says firmly in a hushed tone, gripping his shoulders, "I can't stay."

"Why not?" The other boy's voice sounding strained and tight in his throat.

"I have to go," Eddie looks into those magnified eyes through the transparent barrier of the glasses with profound earnest, "I needed you to know how I felt before I did."

Richie's eyebrows frown, creating a harsh line in between, "What the fuck are you talking about?" and the other boy swallows the sting in his esophagus that's causing his eyes to water. This is a lot harder than he imagined in his head during the teary bike ride here, "What are you talking about, Eddie?"

He's trembling now. This was a terrible idea.

It comes out broken and shaky, "I'm sorry," he turns to glance at his watch, "I have to go," slowly pulling away from the hypnotic warmth Richie radiates, even when he's soaking wet and cold from the rain.

"Where are you going?" Richie follows him to the window like a magnet.

"New York."

“What—”

“It’s my mom,” He interrupts, “I just can’t do it anymore, Rich. I don’t belong here.” In the darkness of the tiny room, Richie wouldn’t have noticed his crying, if it wasn’t for the sniffing noise he makes, “I’m leaving.”

“Leaving--“Richie’s eyes grow twice their initial size, jaw going slack. Suddenly, all of the air is taken from his lungs, as though someone’s wringed them like a damp cloth, “Eds, no.”

“I’ve already visited everyone else. You’re last on the list.” He scoffs then, “I wasn’t even gonna come.”

“Why?”

“Because I fucking knew this would happen,” He repartees, tears burning in his eyes, “you’d make me stay.”

“Well yeah, no shit! You think I’m gonna let you leave now?”

“I need you to! It’s my only chance of getting away from her.”

“There are tons of other ways. There’s got to be,” Richie breathes. He can’t lose him. Not now, “stay here. I can... Work something out with my parents—”

“No. I need to get as far away from her as I can. If she tracks me down, I’m done for. She’ll nail 2x4s to the windows. She’ll make me wear a fucking shock collar, I don’t fucking know.” He spits venom with his words. And Richie knows it isn’t aimed at him, but after becoming so vulnerable so fast, he can’t help but let himself be a pussy and feel a bit hurt at it.

He bites his lip, shrugging exasperatingly, “So, what? That’s it? You’re just gonna do that, and then leave me?” Eddie really didn’t think this through. He checks his watch again and looks anxiously out the window whilst Richie burns holes in his skin with an angry stare, “Am I gonna see you again?” He asks when there’s no answer.

“I hope.”

“That’s not good enough.”

“What do you want me to say, Richie?” He asks, throwing his arms out whilst fresh tears escape his waterline, “I don’t know what will happen.”

“I need to know that you’ll be safe.”

“I... Fuck, Rich.” He squeaks, voice cracking in the tears he’s failing to hold back. He wonders to himself why Richie has to make this so difficult. It would be easier to have him spit in his face and yell at him to get out.

But Richie presses on, too shocked and angry to feel sympathy, “Why New York?” it’s where all the dangerous stuff happens, as far as he knows. The big city. Not fit for Eddie at all- he hates cities. All of the germs, people...

“It’s where my dad lives.”

The taller boy can’t believe it. Can’t believe this isn’t a dream. It has to be. Eddie hasn’t spoken about his father in years, “He left you,” Richie says more harshly than intended, “what if he doesn’t want you?”

Eddie’s silent. Anyone with a working brain would be able to tell that he’s running purely off of adrenaline and impulse, and the more questions Richie asks, the more he starts to realize that, “Then that’s a risk I guess I’ll have to take,” he steps closer in a slow, hesitant pace, “It’ll be fine, okay? But I have to go. The next bus leaves at twelve-thirty and it takes fifteen minutes to bike there.”

The pitter-pater of the rain outside fortifies, and Richie fights the idea of letting Eddie take his jacket. He can’t let him go so easily, yet here he is, wrapping him in the tightest hug imaginable. Whispering firmly into his neck whilst his hand comes up to weave through the wet curls, “For fuck sakes, please don’t.” because he knows this is the end.

Eddie rubs a flat palm against the other’s back and murmurs, “I’ll call you on the next phone booth, so you won’t have to worry,” That isn’t

good enough. None of what he's saying is good enough. Eddie pulls away to look him in the eyes and raises his eyebrows, "Okay?" When he looks closer, lets his eyes adjust, he can see that Richie's crying too.

He doesn't answer, and Eddie knows it's now or never. He already has Sonia's wallet in his backpack; that, and all of his first aid shit, changes of clothes, toiletries, nutrition bars and water. All packed.

He looks down at Richie's lips, and Richie already knows what he's going to do. Despite how heartbroken he feels, the sensation he gets from Eddie kissing him again feels like floating in space and everything around him has turned to dust. He wants to grab him, hold him closer, keep him as long as possible. But instead, he doesn't react, his body too limp and numb to do much besides kiss back and dread the moment he pulls away.

And when he does, the colour doesn't come back to the walls. It's still on Eddie, and the second he feels him turn toward the window, plummets to his bed and hides his eyes with a hand beneath his glasses. He doesn't want to see him leave- he doesn't even know if he *can*.

And now, he's right back to where he started. Two silhouettes turn into one as he sinks into his bed, feels the wind from outside mask his body and twitch his hair, all splayed out on the pillow. Feeling anything but calm. His heart is lurching out of his chest, and he feels like his head is gonna explode. Eddie had so quickly given and taken away the remaining half of his heart, leaving him to feel ten-thousand times emptier than he already had been. It's a shard in his guts, death just the same as bereavement, choking the breath out of his body and short circuits his mind.

Sitting up and staring out of the window that is now empty, Richie's mind cycles through emotions quicker than a kid flipping radio channels. And for some reason, the voice in his head screams: *This is not the end!* Not if he lets it.

So, Richie, in all his stubbornness, stands up, shoves random articles of clothing on his floor into his backpack, closes it, shoves on a hooded jacket over his tee and plaid pants, and follows Eddie's trail.

Author's Note:

i hope this came out ok 🙏 🙏 lemme know your thots

also i have a whole storyboard ready for this so if anyone wants more chapters lmk i just cant promise quick updates cause id actually be trying yknow